



**stakes
is high**

de la soul

De La Soul Lyrics

"Intro (Stakes Is High)"

(When I)
(First heard)
(Criminal)
(Minded)
(I was in...)
(Damn, where was I?)
(...seventh grade)
(Battlin' this other emcee)
(Smokin' a blunt and drinkin' a 40 down lower East Side with my niggas)
(I have no idea where I was, it was so long ago)
(I was on my way to a family reunion in a car on the Long Island
expressway when I heard it)
(Roosevelt Projects)
(I was in...)
(I was outside of church when I was really little and I was doing the
wop with this girl)
(Red Alert played one of the songs on the radio)
(It was so long ago)
(Yo Merce, what's up, this is Hanson, man, I want you to peep that out.
Yo, kid... I was at this party, this hype
party when I heard
KRS' Criminal Minded. I'll call you back, peace.)

(All right!)
(All right!)
(All right!)
(All right!)

[POS:]

Channeling, in sync so my what brings that testament
To cover twelve inches of funk
Flip like as if I was the Dalek himself
Specialising in cleansing like the its of
Elephants, Dove hits bibles out the park, man
Don't wven try to toss bleach, I'm too dark and
Major more soul than James' "Escapism"
De La Soul is here to stay like racism
Patrick know and I'mma put the pillow off the bed
As I lurk up on your thoughts while phones on your head
Riff a tech pro, flex Sue, running you the links
Scout weather, pouring rain outta duck's survive links
And if one winks for pink slips, the slips are short
Dull-minded as sperm, to give out for the souls I report
I sport too fly for the forty-ounce drinker
I sport too fly for a forty-ounce thinker
A fresh linen scent so sniffer on the two-inch
A talker of the berg without weed influence

So stick to you Naughty By Natures and your Kane
'Cause graffiti that I based upn the wax is insane

[DOVE:]

Grand groove, I wish I had the flavor bid
Give me six bottles of beer, I take the seventh one free
I got the chandelier, kick, constructed by my man
Little elf, big four gets the zootie for the self
Long Island living, what, twelve o'clock dawn
Jiggy-not see me so I trip straight to your porches
Mr Partymaker puts the boogers in your bottle
Straw it and drink, what bees gotta be's
'Cause I snort the crazy-crazies
Man, I kick the Franken-style, dig the bolts in my neck
Wreck, ship, boat, rock
Heavy metal grooves ain't the infinite
Here I hips to the hops
I'm looking for the words in the faces of a prince
That brother been down ever since soaked cheese
And motor go smiling
Hey, how ya doin'
Now, meet in front of Big Lou's fighting
Hey, y'all reminisce, six streets, little miles
Straight to my avenue
(Aaaah... aaaggh)
Six streets, went miles straight to my avenue
I'm headed for the bigger E, for the bitter OE, not me
Here's my Malibu, child, here's my Malibu
Buckshot honeys, dig a gun and go aaaahhhhh...

De La Soul Lyrics

"Supa Emcees"

[Chorus: Slick Rick sample from MC Ricky D and Doug E. Fresh's "La-Di-Da-Di"]

Hey, whatever happened to the emcees
Times done changed for the emcees
Every woman and man wanna emcee
But for what, I tell you emceeing ain't for you!

Hey, whatever happened to the emcees
Times done changed for the emcees
Every woman and man wanna emcee
But for what, I tell you emceeing ain't for you!

[Verse One: Dove]

Man I'm on the set like the flicks so let your parents flash
A splash bigger than whales, I'm makin monsters mash
Spit Pinnochio's Theory when shit be looking weary
I need rest, but I boogie for now, I'm on some mess
like the best mics respond to me
Living days, like dreams of specializing in the art that pays
I be a mystic for life, so check my ID number
Emcees be kneading/needin dough while I make bread like Wonder
Yes, that's what you heard, so save that acting for the screen
See you can can that manager with the beans
I bust emcees like lies surprise em out the box
Put away the soda pops I'd rather rub on the rocks
A dime-getter tried to get what I got, for what?
I guess Southern folks cash makes the lovin come fast
But I'm past alla that, it's time to break with the breeze
Get to your knees, here comes the Supa Emcees

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Pos]

Within this program of rap, I'll eradicate the glitches
Yo I'm dark like Wesley, but I be sparkin more bitches
and to them my constellation put your lives in jep
While you others represent, I present my rep
Cause when it comes to making dents, I'm that main in print
Even smoked from blunts which give eyes the reddish tint
Could not prevent, YOU from seeing I'm the light
but bring attention to my words like some ads in tights
I heard you want to fight me, with your words on stage
So Mase pulls that instrumental from the jam YOU made
And as he starts cutting what you sold, I'll talk all over your tones
as if my name was Pete Rock or Sean "Puffy" Combs
Send your tattered ass home, with celly phones I roam
with my fleet, here to make this rap game complete
While you live fables, unstable, acting very radical

Projecting like you're hard, when in fact you're quite vaginal

[Chorus]

De La Soul Lyrics

"The Bizness"

(feat. Common)

[Intro: Common]

[Craig Mack sample from "Get Down"]

And and bass up the track a little bit
Cuz I I'm here I wanna hear that boom bish boom, knowhat! I'm sayin'?

Yeah yeah you know the bizness
Common Sense, soul with the De La
Get all them play-ahs
We the rhyme sayers
Huh, and that's the bizness, hah
Gonna do it like this
Gettin it that
Like the Chicago streets

[Verse One: Dove]

I speak divine of God theories, no need to be high
Always exhale the facts cause I don't inhale lye/lie
Play the greater man's game, to bounce off my losses
So I can earn the acres (uhh) the houses (yeah) the horses (huh)
Of course it's much greater than your Benx or your Lex
The engine to my comprehension is just too complex
Much too complex, EFX/effects be live like Das
Making moves down South, to avoid the chaos
And never, flaunt the coin cuz dime-getters be gazin
They call me Luther Van, they say my style is so Amazin
I'm fazin those who're supposed to have the last laughter
Cuz even when I'm gone I'm reappearin in the after
I haveta, send respects to real money makers
Do not connect us with those champaign sippin money fakers
Taste the quarter pound with spice from Chi-town
Now what that prove, you're so full you can't even move

[Chorus:]

Cause I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E
And can't another brother cook these delicacies

Well I'm the P-L-U, the G-to-the-One
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun

And I'm the C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win
I'm the C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drink...

[Verse Two: Common]

Do you wanna be a MC? Or do you wanna serve

Do you wanna be dope? Or do you wanna deal it
Fabricated acrylic, I feel it, I'm the style molester
I do a show get Extra P's like the Large Professor
In fact I get more hoes than Tessa, peep game like a
refa-ree in soul control of my
desti-ny, in the best of, three out of five
Whip ANYBODY ass at NBA Live, rappers
take a dive like Greg Lougainis with his bitch-ass
Rather be in Bebe's alley, than at the click with gators
Not a hater of the players, I'm more like a coach, or an owner
I Used To Love H.E.R., but now I bone her (ahuh-hah!)
At one point in rhyme I thought I lost my erection
But then I got it back with the Resurrection, blessings
upon rhymes old man who called him traitor
Big Com Stradamus niggaz styles I predict

[Chorus:]

I'm the C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win

And I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E
And can't no other brother cook these delicacies

Well I'm the P-L-U, the-G-to-the-One
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun

[Verse Three: Pos]

I'm the most from the coast of the East, then flee
Droppin more knowledge than litter, on the New York peeve
It's me, wonder why, in the place to be
Certified, as superior, MC
While others explore to make it hardcore
I make it hard for, wack MC's to even step inside the door
Cause these kids is rhyming, sometiming
And when we get to racing on the mic, they line up to see
the lyrical killing, with stained egos on the ceiling
My rhymes escalates like black death rates
Over music plates, being played as the rule
Kids thinking stepping to the Soul, you're labelled fools
who claims to drop jewels but for now you do the catching
I don't worry on what crew you run, or what section of earth
you reside, you're not even a man
So I don't seem it mandatory taking your pride
But I will, cause my man said Soul for the life
You cried "Keepin it real", yet you should try keepin it right
That's understanding microphone mathematics
Which leaves the currency in temporary world status
And when one shows he posed threat to this one
This one will make that one into none
Simple equation, zero, you shouldn't play hero
If you can't stand Strong like the Island I'm from

[Chorus:]

Now I'm the P-L-U, the-G-to-the-One
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun

Yeah, and I'm the-C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win

And I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E
And can't another brother cook these delicacies
See can't another brother cook these delicacies
See can't another brother cook these delicacies

[Outro: Common]

Ahh that's how, that's how I'm supposed to do my thing huh
Like triple it, alright
That's how we do it, all the way from Strong Island to Chicago
The type of freestyler flow
Yeah, it's fluent, and we don't need to flow no more
Hah

[Intro: this comes before "Wonce Again Long Island" on the LP]

To my man Mos Def yo he nonstop
To my man Enola, yo he's nonstop
And to my kin de Calhoun, yo he's nonstop
Yo that girl MP, yo she's nonstop
And to that crew Camp Lo, yo they nonstop
And to that nigga Pop Life, yo he's nonstop
And to my cousin Fudd Love, you know he nonstop
My brother Lucky and Pert, yo they nonstop
And to my man Joe Buck, you know he nonstop
And my man Extra P, yo he's nonstop
And my man Mike Divine, you know he nonstop
That kid called Baby Paul, yo he's nonstop
And to the Jazzyfatnastees, yo you're nonstop
And my peoples Beatminerz, man they nonstop
And to my man Mr. Bug, you know you're nonstop
And yo, Litro, yo, he's nonstop
And to, my dean The Green, yo you're nonstop
And to my man Prince Paul yo he's nonstop
And to that man Kid Capri yo you nonstop
And A Tribe Called Quest, man they nonstop
And don't forget the Jungle Beez yo they nonstop

[Extra Verse: sampled from "Down Syndrome"]

Let me tell you a little something about Soul (tell em son)
I be a piece of the East coast, so give a toast to
Plug Wonder why back in the day who soaked his words in jigga
So when I ran a phrase in June you didn't catch it til December
I'm a member of them kids from the inner city
Giving you kitties audible treats, you be aching for making
more money than a pagan holiday
Not from the PJ's, yet I still got something to say

De La Soul Lyrics

"Wonce Again Long Island"

[Pos Plug Wonder Why]

(What the hell do you wanna be when you grow up?)
I wanna be a supa emcee
(Well you're already that) so let me step up to bat
Attack a hit to go beyond this age of rap counterfeits

Out of the heavens August one-seven, sixty-nine
Born I, wonder why with the thoughts to rhyme
Til there was no longer thoughts to dream
When an unpolished demo led to limos at the age of eighteen
Accompanied by the screams, Plug One
Shot up with fame like novacaine it made me numb
So numb I wouldn't been able to feel
Niggaz diggin in my pockets for my currency reels
But still, I make girls brown eyes blue at will (until)
my ass was no longer mass appeal
Oh shit, I guess that was all the fame I was allotted
Wait a minite, new video, like a leopard I'm spotted
in a night club chillin with Kamaal and Phife
I be that farmer cultivating owning acres of mics
And I likes to make it known Strong Island stylin
for a while, so do that dance

(Are you rockin the spot?) Yes I be
(Showin others they do not?) Yes I be
(Havin then towed from the lot?) Yes I be
That's my job as a supa emcee, I'm from Long Isle
Mobile, make it worth your while
If the jam needs motion I'm the one to dial
(Goin beyond ninety watts) Yes I be
(Well are you rockin it?) Yes, yes I be (rockin it!)

I can stress the makin of loot to feed the fam
While the voices impersonate the true who I am
Buzzin in my ear, oh you one of those wannabees
Always buzzin in my ear you down with supa emcees
Steppin to me with your pleas that you gots, butter rhymes
Man the only thing butter bout you is your spine
mad yellow, you can't rock the Mardi Gras, my mellow
Cause my stealth show more than knowledge of self
I got knowlegde of you, to know you a wack em-crew
(You mean wack emcee) Nah, a wack em-crew, see you a crew of wack niggaz
You should have never tried to test
These words that I Man, with the eye/I to Fest
While you sayin one thing really meaning the next
You're just a contra-DICK, your mind's been tampered WITH

Like some holy boooks, but looks to the sky
Cause Wonder Why's here to save the day

(Are you rockin the spot?) Yes I be
(showin others they do not?) Yes I be
(Havin then towed from the lot) Yes I be
Cause ultimately, I'm lettin all MC's know that
what's the name of this crew? (De La, De La)
Well alright, and what be the dish we servin?
(We servin pos-da!) Posdanos help the next get loose

Like an alcohol scenario rap be on the rocks
Authenticity that missin fee to pay to join the flock of MC
These niggaz stand lower than knees
Dramatized in they eyes as the ones to please
When rap kids apply violent pressure to father, brother and son
for fun to say they inflict pain
R&B niggaz lie to mother, sister, and daughter
to have sex disguised as lovin in the rain
Their words are more hallow than October 31st
what's worse, hate to see the females
switch to sexual mentality, it doesn't match with they given anatomy
Man they rather be hoes like that male emcee
Who walk around like they got nuts
And use the tits and ass like a crutch
Man the underground's about not bein exposed
So you better take you naked ass and put on some clothes

man this be goin out to the kids from east smash (long island)
amityville (long island)
to all my people out in whinedance, bayshore (long island)
C.I.'s in the place (long island)
brinkwood, hempstead, all my (long island)
brothers out in roosevelt, freeport (long island)
uniondale to long beach (long island)
to them girls out in huntington (long island)
long island for real (long island)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Dinninnit"

Now, where the ladies at?
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"
And all the fellas?
"Takin over this year"
I heard the party's round here, right?
"You know that's right"
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey
Now, where the ladies at?
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"
And all the fellas, the fellas?
"Takin over this year"
I heard the party's round here, right?
"You know that's right"
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey

It's so real when we come through
Sunshine be on my sidewalk when i come through
Schoolly d like family reunions
Midday may, it's all lovin'
Take a walk down to d dot c
The war's tuggin'
And ain't no druggin'
My credit's a gain
While you searchin for some trick
To put the shit in her name
I be spendin on wall street
And buyin' boardwalk
Dodging problems of the world
Drawn out in white chalk
Peace, mr. war
I'm seein' all dimensions
But unlike your eye extensions
My vision don't blur
'What' 'when' and 'word's
Where the gossip occur
Heard i'm sexin' sade
And i bought her a fur
Battin' eyes at toni braxton
And i bought her a fur
Now i'm hittin' whitney houston
Oh, she bought me a fur?
Far-fetched like glass teks
And kiddie rolex

Soon comin'
But now it's time to kick the fun in
Now, where the ladies at?
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"
And all the fellas?
"Takin over this year"
I heard the party's round here, right?
"You know that's right"
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey

I'm pourin out these rhymes
For them kids who ain't here
Stakes is high
But we gonna try to have fun this year
Before there were guns
There was native tongues on these plains
But others on
Without them being pawns in this game
'Cause a pawn in this game
Is left with no game to play
So, um, you best ta check
And hear what we got to say
Now if you came to party
Just let it be known
Now if you came to fight
You might get that head flown
By the one and only
Maseo plug third
J.D. dove plays the wall
As kenny cal spurts words
And a number
To a crew of dope girls from the woods
And not dope meaning weed
But dope meaning (good)
Like them west coast kids
Who be throwin' up signs
I hate a buster
Unless his name is busta rhymes
So check the way my mind moves
Over times and grooves
Got some money to blow
Wonder why wanna know
Where the ladies at?
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"
And all the fellas, the fellas?
"Takin over this year"
I heard the party's round here, right?
"You know that's right"
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey

De La Soul Lyrics

"Brakes"

There's a lot of people out here
Who just don't know
What plays a factor
In movin' heads and toes
It be them hits
Hangin' out of them stereo kits
Whether cassette radio or cd bits
Mix tapes from the best
Going on and on
Throughout the city grounds
To suburban lawns
Man, we don't play
Even where we stay
Videos shows the visuals
Of jams today
Coinciding with the rhythm
Of the heart and neck
The brakes got you
In your proper context
You let your lex or your
Sixty-four suspension
Bounce away all your tension
En route to the club
Where girls need the quenchin'
Diamonds on your wrist
Sunroof top
But niggas out front
Makin' guns go pop
So the spot gets shut
But on to the next
'Cause your ears get vexed
When they don't get the fix cause

(These are the brakes)
It be your listenin pleasure
While you're doin your chores
(These are the brakes)
No matter where you from
It's for you and yours
(These are the brakes)
Bringing it back to the brakes
Like the 'yes yes y'all'
(These are the brakes)
So let it be your anthem
When you're havin' a ball

Well it's silly of me

To think that I
Would never get a chance to see
A piece of this pie
I sat dead in front of speakers
Thinkin' that could be me
Anticipatin' open microphones
So I could emcee
Had a catalogue of raps
Impressin' all the 'round-the-ways
Before I went to bed
Included rhymes into my prayers
But that rhyme is all on paper
I want my song on vinyl plates
I dreamin' hits and doin' shows
Makin my niggas spines shake
Expectin' nuttin but a little bit
Of radio play
Gettin diced on 1 and 2's
By the best djs, hey
Time was kinda tight
But still i dotted on the line
And some expected me
To start buhlooning in the mind
Seein' spaces and places
That i couldn't pronounce
But still i had the pulleys
To make all the bullies bounce
With the blessings of the great
We took it from state to state
'Cause we landed on the good foot
And got our biggest brake cause
(These are the brakes)
A mother gets mugged
By her crackhead son
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"
You're in the wrong part of town
So the shots make you run
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"
Your best comrades put six tabs
In your o.e.
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"
Your boyfriend made you a carrier of HIV
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"

Now what's gonna happen
When the sun don't shine
I'm buyin tickets aboard
The caravan of love
Hey fellas
See, money don't make shots repel
I break woes and compose
Some rhymes to tell
So when the party's live

It shouldn't be beef
Or playin' indian roles
I guess you thought you was chief
Seems all broke up
And now you woke up surprised
Situation's gettin sticky
Dead in front of your eyes

We play the wall
Similar to tacks
Until the dj plays
The necessary track
In fact as the jam plays on
Out comes all your bread
To pay for drinks
For them girls you want to spread
Don't be mislead
When the brakes inside your head
And have you reminiscing
On them kids who got you fed
Until reality reveals a miss
Who wants to know
If you can play her real close
Out on the dance floor 'cause

(These are the brakes)
It be your listenin pleasure
While you're doin your chores
(These are the brakes)
No matter where you from
It's for you and yours
(These are the brakes)
Ringin it back to the brakes
Like the 'yes yes y'all'
(These are the brakes)
So let it be your anthem
When you're havin, a ball

De La Soul Lyrics

"Dog Eat Dog"

It's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)
'Cause i ain't got time
For hangin around
When you're fuckin' my love
In all the wrong places
It's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)
'Cause i ain't got time
For hangin around
When you're fuckin' my love
In all the wrong places

Extra, extra
What's that all about?
I'm wishin the position
Of my loving's sorted out
I shed a tear cause i'm hearin'
Nothing new or particular
Status once parallel
Now it's perpendicular
And everything is just as clear as day
Realistically explicit
In the things you say
I guess a "bitch" in the batter's
Gonna make the flavor fatter
But you gots to keep it for real
Forget about your jewels and gems
You won't be needin
None of them
The tool'll fix the era
My mellow used to wear a
Namebuckle, now he chuckle
'Cause he earn a dime Quicker
Talkin bout a burnin'
Sippin on some malt liQuor
And all these kiddies
Wishin they were supa emcees
But to earn my "s"
I had to learn some less
About a crime'll make million
A dime'll make a call
I'd rather hop on the line
And drop a rhyme to prince paul

Cause it's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)

'Cause i ain't got time
For hangin around
When you're fuckin' my love
In all the wrong places

Hey kid
What's the word?
Man, it's all about mind
Keeping focused
On them self-mechanisms of rhyme
So no longer stand erect
'Cause your thoughts are drained
Walkin' round
Manifesting attributes of shame
Used to sQuabble for the mic
But now accordingly
We act
Unless a club can't afford the fee
We act
So name that any best man
To put us under
Created from the ground
Yet know nothin
'Bout the under
Take a glimpse
At them pimps
Playin record exec
Addin up all your zeros
So's to cut you a check
Saying why the blunder wonder
Could've g'd today
So you can put up some swings
For your seed to play
But a swing ain't that important
When the park's around the corner
Filled with life causing death
Greeting victims for the morning
It was the moment i feared
Nah, the moment i steered
Upon the right path
To know the right math
To over stand

It's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)
'Cause i ain't got time
For hangin around
When you're fuckin my love
In all the wrong places

De La Soul Lyrics

"Baby Baby Baby Baby Ooh Baby"

[Intro:]

Ohh there go that bullshit again
You heard that shit?
Nah I ain't hear that
That's that bullshit from the other day
They done took the Buffalo Girls beat and changed it all around
They playin themselves!

[Verse One: Jazzyfatnastees]

You remind me when I reminisce of you (yeah)
All the freaky things I want to do, to you (that's right)
Rub me up, rub me down, rub me all around (what)
Kiss me here, kiss me there, kiss me, kiss me everywhere!
Tell me what the cost to get in line cuz you are mine tonight
Gonna give you all I got to give, as long as you rub it right
I will love you right (I don't care if you diss me)
I will do you right (I don't care if you don't want me) come on

Baby baby won't you be my baby baby
Be my baby baby baby baby baby baby (come on, come on, hahh)
Baby baby won't you be my baby baby
Be my baby baby baby baby baby baby (yo, hahh, knowhat I mean?)
gonna set it like this, what)

[Verse Two: Pos]

Now I forgot how to forget so I remember your face
With your pretty accent, wearin man-attract scent
Others fakin constantly stakin out pockets of dreams
Always tryin to sham too that's why they crave champagne
But the blame still remains not to be on you
I know your style and your love lasts Long like the Island I'm from
I'm on the drum man, and it's all good
Cause I flexed on your ex, make sure he understood
That you would, never again want to be his wife
So we connect lips to hips, and uhh, eyes to thighs
You're my so-phisti-cated, lady
All mine, if you wasn't I'd go cra-zay

[Outro: Jazzyfatnastees]

Baby baby won't you be my baby baby
Yeah baby, this is uhh
Baby baby be my baby baby baby baby
Posda on the microphone

WRMS rocks the best hey hey hey it's the fat man
Scoop Wonder ear in your hand
That was JFB, baby baby baby OHHHHHHHHHH bay-bah!!!!!!!!!!

Ha hah!!!

I pick my nose wash my clothes and be back in a minute

With Busta Rhymes, the mighty infamous

Zhane, A Tribe Called Quest, nonetheless WRMS

Fat man Scoop, tryin to get this rap loot yeah

De La Soul Lyrics

"Long Island Degrees"

[Verse One: Maseo]

It's strong island for real, where the critters run wild
the prefix is 516, the top of the dial
through the L.I. Sound, to the villa down under
and across the globe I heard a lot of folks wonderin'
so when's it coming 'cause the stakes is high see big money that waves
don't put the pen to my page
and ain't nothin' wrong with standing still and relaxing
and spendin' some of that cash that Uncle Sam is gonna tax
a New York demeanor is sit back in the beamer
with nothing to lose but some gas and some minutes
ignorin' the gazers 'cause some stars don't get petty
and that trash you talk is just New Years confetti
it's like that y'all, but that's all 'bout to change
like some of my own, people tend to act strange
i'm making a scene, and it's served with it's capabilities
so set it at an island's degrees

[Posdanous:]

It's strong island for real, the diagnosis is supreme
the prefix is 516, where microphones fiend
the voices that gots the gift, 'cause the world is on their shoulders
makein' plans to switch from little rock to money boulders
the real proceed
my girl stands deep from nubians actin' like Columbians sellin' keys
characters have the tendency to con themselves
to think the East Coast is only New York and Philadelph
you know the way we blow, your shit is played like pork
and as for what we be bringin' you, we live and direct from New York
I oughta say my fam causes commercs.
steppin' to me fool will get you punched out like a curse
it's like that y'all, let it all consume
like them brothas who smoke, 'till they high like the moon
soon to a town near you be them super emcees
settin' them Long Island degrees

[Maseo:]

I hit the L.I.R.R. for big dreamers out east
and get your bank roll split
bangin' dents out your systems
sellin' points to get the uppercut like Sonny Liston
but eyes closed episodes
bring you back to zeroes
the same herp playin' like he Casablanca
blind to it, but I'm a grind him up a cup of Sanka
servin' dimes loves on tennis courts and sorts
laid back like grown folks sippin' tea for sport

[Posdanous:]

I be sweepin' up the room with my lyrical broom
while others rhymes smell like plastic like some lunch room utensil
the official color for this planet is green
which grows in pockets of them people willing to scheme
an't no expose, these facts are from the mouth
profilin' through Island with that wind from down south
at last, be the world broad cast from the crew who gave you 3's
magic on an island degrees

[Maseo:]

it's strong island for real where the critters smoke fritters
night time excites time for the heavy hitters
gang on hers 'cause in the mean time mine is home on date
fluffin' pillows impatiently waitin' ain't no debatin'
'Bout to settle, check the level stakes is high as the sky
I got questions about your life if you so ready to die
we in the last quarter y'all, somebody's gonna cry
I think they need to set the clock before the time pass by

[Posdanous:]

In the round one no nines my size can get swelly
sensing danger I will play a ranger on my celly with my felly
we're wonderful like colorful flix
provide a thread and needle every time the stages get ripped
I grip upon the pleasure sippin' the tea
on the island 'cause that island is the main artery
so uh, you better come and give respect for catch some of these
knucks from the island degrees

De La Soul Lyrics

"Betta Listen"

(Listen all you fellas, here's what good love is)
(Listen all you fellas, the kind she understands)
(Listen all you fellas, then you won't have to worry no no more)
(Listen all you fellas, you betta listen) (you betta listen)
(Listen all you fellas, here's what good love is)
(Listen all you fellas, the kind she understands)
(Listen all you fellas, then you won't have to worry no no more)
(Listen all you fellas, you betta listen) (you betta listen)

Mummy I saw one day
She was on some fume vapors
Givin' me lip so I continued with the caper
Cat litter had me sniffin
Since outside the palace
Eyes sicker than aids
Game harder than a callous
Tried to enter in her shit
She had locks on the session
Tellin me how her last man
Taught her ass a lesson damn
Well, i'm not the mayor
I take care of my dimes
But I excluded I had nickels
Addin' up to her kind
Short stacks with a wristful of jewels

Sayin she didn't need a man
To make her out for a fool
Dig it, miss, my love is credited in cupid account
And if you need that extra help
Gigglin, figurin' I had jokes for her humor
Then she broke out with the words
About knowin all the rumors
"See, all you niggas rappin be like pedigree dogs
Thinkin you can have me leashed
Around your microphone cords"
Somethin 'bout her lit me up like july
And with them onions in the pants
I couldn't help but cry
Seemed lost in the essence
But i had to find my way to take
Action for the digits just to set up a date
Thought my shinin was on
I had the skirts in the bag
Until i took a bit of time
To peep the price on the tag
She said "I'm that salt and pepa

Who like pushin it to sisters
You need to get to walkin with it mister,
I think you betta listen"

(Listen all you fellas, here's what good love is)
(Listen all you fellas, the kind she understands)
(Listen all you fellas, then you won't have to worry no no more)
(Listen all you fellas, you betta listen) (you betta listen)

We was at some outside jam one saturday night
When this pretty ass girl got locked in my sight
She was a ghetto philosopher
Yeah you know the type
Thinkin' Mary J. and sade understood her strife
Caught me lookin', "Yo what's cookin?"
"Nothin' from around here
So don't approach or hope
To be the man of the year"
I said listen deer or rabbit or whatever the hell you be
I'm not the one to embarrass
But the one to emcee
I traveled the world q uarters on my relationships
Used and abused by hoes
So my royalty stubs
But above all
I brought my daughter into this earth
So I understand the need
Of women feeling of worth
She glanced deep in my eyes
And said "oh shit, you're ill
I like the way your mind
Moves around at will
Still, let me apologize for soundin so sassy
But you niggas act as if my ass
Has a sign that says harass me"
Her name was gail from the union of dale
I made her remove the shades
So her eyes could tell me the plan
Yo where's your man?
"Oh that nigga's past tense,
Painted bruises on my face
Haven't seen him ever since"
Gave a pinch to my bottom
And started rubbing my back
She said "i bet your ass is darker
Than a mobb deep track"
Only one way to know it,
And i was down to show it
So we jetted back to my crib to set it
She made it known
"I've owned thoughts of you
Since that song 'meeny-meeny'
Can't believe you're about

To be all up in between me"
Man, the flag was lowered
So my wood was raised
Followed a shielding of my building
To protect me from the blaze
This granted access to
Southern parts of her borders
Did you have her comin'?
Like the new world order
I caught her with the right combination
A good combination
Keepin' it in her hard, man
You betta listen

(Listen all you fellas, here's what good love is)
(Listen all you fellas, the kind she understands)
(Listen all you fellas, then you won't have to worry no no more)
(Listen all you fellas, you betta listen) (you betta listen)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Itzsoweezee (HOT)"

[Intro:]

Great all-dedication
Mos Def affiliation
Adequate representation
This is the phat presentation
De La dedication
Common Sense collaborations
Peace to all of you Haitians
Check it out

[Chorus: x2]

If money makes a man strange -- we gots to rearrange
So what makes the world go round
If love is against the law -- listen I don't know
Gotta change how it's goin down

[Verse One: Dove]

Fell in love with this fish who got caught in my mesh
But yo she burned my scene up like David Koresh
I guess a diamond ain't nothing but a rock with a name
I guess love ain't nuttin but emotion and game
It's a lesson well learned so praise is well due
I'm sendin off from Big I, to Kenny Calhoun
And add a reservation for the resident crew
And yo get your bowl cuz we cookin up stew
See them Cubans don't care what y'all niggaz do
Colombians ain't never ran with your crew
Why you acting all spicy and sheisty
The only Italians you knew was icees, niggaz price me
I'm keepin it clean, like a washing machine
And yo, get your locomotion run into full steam
I'm sending out a greeting to my man Daseem
I got a child so I gotsta get the green, right right

[Chorus]

Itzsoweezee, it's gettin hot this year
Itzsoweezee, it's gettin hot

[x4]

[Verse Two: Dove]

I own the deeds to some acres in the West, indeed
Where my pops is building residence to house my seed
Now here's the lead, y'all niggaz pray to hot rods and not God
While Versace play you niggaz like Yahtzee
Crackin jokes like you Patzi
(When's the last time you had Happy Days?)

Blazin up your herb to escape the maze, but the problem stays
Think big get it big is my motto
You can go and play your lotto, I'll be singin like baby won't you be mine
You'll be pressin rewind, you can never see mine
Keep your eyes focused, you can't touch this or quote this
Style is crazy bogus so you can't try to approach this
Stomp you out like roaches, pullin on my coattail
like some horses pullin coaches, WHOA your roller coasters
It's hotter than the temperature that's cookin in your toasters
While the heat'll put you deep into hypnosis

[Chorus x2]

Itsoweezee, Enoli's in the area
Itsoweezee, Timbo King's in the area
Itsoweezee, Maseo's in the area
Itsoweezee, ninety-six in your area
Itsoweezee, lawd lawd lawd!
Itsoweezee, lawd lawd lawd lawd
Itsoweezee, lawd lawd, for y'all peace
Itsoweezee

Itsoweezee *[x8]*

De La Soul Lyrics

"4 More"

(Never gonna give up on you)
We gonna do it like this
(Just a little bit)
Like that
(just a little bit)
Zhane
(just a little bit)
De La
(just a little bit) c'mon

[Chorus:]

I'll never give you up
No, I'll never stop
Keep it comin'
Keep on comin' 4 more *[x2]*

It's that brown man from long islandin' shores
Got a way with women, so I get away with yours
Because you're whole game's outdated
Which leaves all the pretty women heavily sedated

Mummy you can play your ripley's
Or believe it or not
I shoot gift like heron
With skills of gil-scott
Nights like sir lancelot can get heated
Prescribin' your vibe, love,
I know how you need it

[Chorus: x2]

I like to mingle sometimes
So I head out of state to find a couple of dimes
But a government rate can't settle for no nickels
Even pennies for thought for short
I need connections
With big bank selections
Securing all the sections
With sing-sing corrections
Seedin' like nature, escapin' like gas
Tell me how long this love is gonna last
Thinkin' fast might spoil somethin'
Turn a *[?]* to nothin'
[?] to your lady is special
Seen a bigger picture on the screen
But you're a movie, you move me
You soothe me like holidays, getaways

The brochure said do it
So true
It's not a hold hand mission
Cut the public display
Heard you're headed for the stars
Put the gazers away
Mine times out of ten
We cut to good friends
But when we on the tenth
We gotta go the length
I'm not a playa
Yet i get more play
Than a talk show shown
Cross the USA
Have em' moanin' out the vowels sounds
Ooh, eei, and aahh
And how by now you should know me and my
Do members of the opposite sex
Have their boyfriend screaming out
We got more techs
Than that ball team in georgia
(Yo, he said he's comin for ya)
All because the ho wanna go to the casbah

[Chorus: x2]

You can get with
Some of these women
Some of the time
When your face is in the light
[?] stirred with lime
Is it a crime
To set your mind to death?
Resuscitated
See how many brain cells left
I feel your body's drawn to my positive
Don't even want a baby
If it's that easy to give
I live right around the corner
Three states away
Take a holiday
Come check me
Watch how I set the
Mood, check a movie on the tube
Get your belt mad loose like lee
Phone's turned way down
To avoid the beef
Or the questions
If she's the only one gettin' lessons
You're into crime faces, huh?
Well i'll play your capone
Suzy q got the grill
To make the cake chrome

Situation's gettin absurd
Hot on a plat
So work the format
See how we do that?
And you're figurin
We love on the rock
I'ma keep it up front
To maintain the stock
Displayin all the goodies
From your knuckle to knees
Make it hot like the island degrees
Now that's special

[Chorus:]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Big Brother Beat"

Ha ha ha ha
Ha, ha ha ha ha
Ha! Ha ha ha ha
Ah-ha ha ha, ah-ha ha ha ha, ha!!

[Intro/Chorus: De La + Mos Def]

Now this goes out to all area clicks
Centralized and way out in the sticks
Remember to keep the De La/De La/Native Tongue
in the mix
Just like log cabin syrup my sound is game thick
Now this goes out to all area clicks
From manicured lawns to projects bricks/bricks/from 718 to the 51-6
Remember to keep the Mos Def/Native Tongue in the mix
Straight butter hits, drop as a good as it gets/gets/straight butter hits

[Verse One: Mos Def, Dove, Posdonus]

Now, come on y'all, get live get down
What we have is a brand new sound
So don't none of y'all just be misled
The De La's gonna do the body good like wheat bread

Shakin laces out of shoes, Mos Def bought the brews
Sittin indian squats to make that red tie knots
See I'm out to get the core like in them Rainbow Pops
Swingin life like a hammock, invested like stocks

Via sinus complex, I aims to clog it up
Snappin by the pain as a crew hear the gain
We remain on your mind like skulls, not a golem
I'ma show it in the house all perimeters are blown

Native Tongue come through to make you say yes yes
This is the body Mos Def style fresh like baby breath

We are the killer combination with the size to administer
the beatdown to swell up all three of your eyes

[Chorus]

Now check it out, and ya don't stop
We got the big brother beat, ya don't stop
[x2]

[Verse Two: Mos Def, Posdonus, Dove]

I don't bug out I chill, don't be actin ill
No trick in ninety-six, Native Tongue gon build

But we be easy on the cut, no mistakes allowed
Cause to me, MC mean, make it clean
When I speak on groups and I'm smooth like gabba D
Tryin to hang out with Dove and catch love in Aberdine (word up)
I bag dimes like my man born on August 17
Life be nuttin but a river son I'm swimmin upstream

Playin wait up, with the data servin your ears
with information due to confirmation of the nation's most
wicked ways of livin, like them glassy eyed beans
Inhale to smoke the fiends, while bangin a table
Rated at the high point of the mass
Rippin MC's at the top of a class, occasionally
rippin some sucker's face
Or some suckable ass from a girl
It's a big brother beat for the wide wide world

I'm makin memos off these demos back in eighty-nine
Took you all on encounters of an unknown kind (right)
Did the hustle with a couple of us, but soon noted
That my niggaz buttered Benedict rolls, and then voted
I wrote in the dark so I could feel it like braille (uh-huh)
Heard the big brother beat, got locked with no bail
Came to set like equators invented, with the heat
Yo Mos Def how you radiate to make it complete

RIGHT *[echoes]*, so when I shine the light crabs wince
Manifestin for the future here in the present tense
No doubt, I love the sound biggin out off your Jeeps
Son I want the little kids bangin big brother beats

[Chorus]

We straight butter hits, we straight butter hits
Perfecta, perfecta
[x3]
Word up

De La Soul Lyrics

"Down Syndrome"

[Pos]

I be that mind blessin blessin these lessons we've ignited
Want to bring it to my face man you're cordially invited
cause I've cited, you possess no science in your thinking
So I'm gonna (never) you're blinking!

[Dove]

Fingers be pointin, and leakin falsifyin the stink
You think I'm pink I bl-I-link with them shades of thought and think
(and in this corner be the hush) so play on William Rhodes
Cause at the sound of the bell my circle square controls
And all MC's best sweat, we bringin buckets of heat

[Pos]

So don't fret kid I let you lick the love I secrete, yo
Even my foes give me bravos, and that shows
total domination in this rhyme complication

[Dove]

Yeah the skill is a cinch I rock the womb with a mic
and in the days of the nickel and breast, I knew de yes yes y'allin
was the callin, clearly not for the gat
For combat, I bring a bag of my rhymes for the SAT

[Pos]

I'm Plug One-of-a-kind, for you people's delight
And for you sucker MC's, step to your knees
Ain't no second thoughts and all your thoughts are from Orion
I can tell that you a devil by them rhymes you're designin
Your play doggin tactics can't fuck with my facets
Just because you talk all that glock shit don't mean you can rock shit!
Your identities on freeze
Just a form of protozoa tryin to cross them seas

[Dove]

See high horse riders gettin shot by the sheriff
Cause nobody's safe for crimes
And even all you skirts need to checkin in your upstairs attic
Cause Mase is smackin hoes if hoes is startin static

[Pos]

Now it ain't all good when your jam goes wood
So as a deterrant, I use mental current
Got them brothers shook, peep the look comin out of the face
Cause they all catch a bruise from the hits we make

Your fame and cars should be listed as magnets

Legends never die but they can get shot and killed
Ain't nuttin glitter when you're battlin MC's
you once imitated in a mirror so to down syndrome you kneel

[Dove]

The same status I heard, the same nothin
My ears fears the faulty locks tryin to lock down the stops
but I earn more than your Menudo or your Boyz II Men
While down syndrome keeps you immune to frequencies I send
Fresher than a sniff off havin them J in fifth
I identify with your rhythm
but I exist for more than just a Benz, so mends
I'm cuttin off my friends to keep a smile calicum iron grain

[Pos]

Let me tell you a little something about Soul (tell em son)
I be a piece of the East coast, so give a toast to
Plug Wonder why back in the day who soaked his words in jigga
So when I ran a phrase in June you didn't catch it til December
I'm a member of them kids from the inner city
Giving you kitties audible treats, you be aching for making
more money than a pagan holiday
Not from the PJ's, yet I still got something to say

[Dove]

Say what man? You gritty like a diamond grenade
For the cameo spot you tries to fool Parade
You acrobats flip the star gazin map, for alla that
you'll be the first to place, and ran it all to a waste
And all the style that you bring (gotta make decks bend)
You gotta rip it from the start (when the beats come in!!!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Stakes Is High"

[POS:]

The instamatic focal point bringing damage to your boroughs
Be some brothers from the east with some beats that be thorough
Got the solar gravitation so I'm bound to pull it
I gets down like brothers are found ducking from bullets
Gun control means using both hands in my land
Where it's all about the cautious livin'
Migrating to a higher form of consequence, compliments
Of strugglin', that shouldn't be notable,
Man every word I say should be a hip hop quotable.

[DOVE:]

I'm sick of bitches shakin' asses
I'm sick of talkin' about blunts,
Sick of Versace glasses,
Sick of slang,
Sick of half-ass awards shows,
Sick of name brand clothes.
Sick of R&B bitches over bullshit tracks,
Cocaine and crack
Which brings sickness to blacks,
Sick of swoll' head rappers
With their sicker-than raps
Clappers and gats
Makin' the whole sick world collapse
The facts are gettin' sick
Even sicker perhaps
Stickabush to make a bundle to escape this synapse

[POS:]

Man life can get all up in your ass baby you betta work it out
Let me tell you what it's all about
A skin not considered equal
A meteor has more right than my people
Who be wastin' time screaming who they've hated
That's why the Native Tongues have officially been re-instated

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high

(Higher than high)

You know them stakes is high

(Higher than high)

When we talkin' 'bout the

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high, you know them stakes is high

When we dealin' with the

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high
(Hey yo, what about that love?)

[POS:]

Yo, it's about love for cars, love for funds
Loving to love mad sex, loving to love guns
Love for opposite, love for fame and wealth
Love for the fact of no longer loving yourself, kid
We living in them days of the man-made ways
Where every aspect is vivid,
these brothers no longer talk shit
Hey yo, these niggas live it
'Bout to give it to you 24/7 on the microphone
Plug One translating the zone
No offense to a player, but yo, I don't play
And if you take offense, fuck it, got to be that way
J.D. Dove, show your love, what you got to say?

[DOVE:]

I say G's are making figures at a high regard
And niggas dying for it nowadays ain't odd
Investing in fantasies and not God
Welcome to reality, see times is hard
People try to snatch the credit, but can't claim the card
Showing out in videos, saying they cold stars
See, shit like that will make your mama cry
Better watch the way you spend it
'Cause the stakes is high

Y'all know them stakes is high
When we talkin' 'bout the
(Vibes....vibrations)
Stakes is high

I think that smiling in public is against the law
'Cause love don't get you through life no more
It's who you know and "How you, son?"
And how you gettin' in, and who the man holding
Hey yo, and how was the scams and how high
Yo what up, huh? I heard you caught a body
Seem like every man and woman shared a life with John Gotti

[POS:]

But they ain't organized!

[DOVE:]

Mixing crimes with life enzymes
Taking the big scout route
And niggas know doubt better
Than they know their daughters
And their sons
(Oh boy)

[POS:]

Yo, people go through pain and still don't gain
Positive contact just like my main man
Who got others cleaning up his physical influence
His mind got congested
He got the nine and blew it
Neighborhoods are now hoods cause nobody's neighbors
Just animals surviving with that animal behavior
Under I who be rhyming from dark to light sky
Experiments when needles and skin connect
No wonder where we live is called the projects
When them stakes is high you damn sure try to do
Anything to get the piece of the pie
Electrify
Even die for the cash
But at last I be out even though you wantin' more
This issue is closed like an elevator door
But soon re-opened once we get to the next floor where the

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high

Y'all know them stakes is high

When we talkin' 'bout the

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high

Stakes is high, come on

De La Soul Lyrics

"Sunshine"

(high on sunshine, lightin' my way)

[Dove]

and yes y'all
you are about to build witness
from the lands of Long Island
takin' you to the sky's survival
I am your captain, ain't no lie
on this endless journey
to invasions, to broaden your outer visions
to where you never been before
it's just a one night trip to love
sun shinin' forever, and forever sun shines

[Pos]

yo, leaving lasting impressions like cuts to flesh
be that crew from the five one six point of view
with skills so tight, they the rhymes of a vagina
them clits will turn into a diamond, the level of rhymin'
pressure comes from lessor forms than me and my man
and we go back like life created from um, specks of sand
and there's money to be made 'cause cacaussians are paid
only brothers who rhyme, seek bounce and catch balls
Plug 1, with them rhymes makin' your heart stall
like them girls when you in they room when they man calls
it ain't nothin' but the thing Oneder Why can bring
as we come to the bring the pain everyone will sing

[Chorus]

De La is the crew that you must hear, but please don't rush the stage
'cause even though them stakes are really high, we're really not here to race
we're just here to move your mind and soul with propetuated ease
it's just about the show until it's time to go, and get with the young ladies

[Dove]

I'm on travellin' to places that the eye can't see
but kinder, cause yo' strife don't mean a thing to me
throwin' me criminal looks, y'all need to get in the books
and drop some water in your melon, 'stead of actin' like a felon
aiyo son, who you tellin'? I'd make a mil if it was up to me
but since it ain't I teach my seed to bank hard
and than God, I smoke a substance of a different kind
catch me trippin' on earth when I'm high off sunshine

[Pos]

down right to dirt, Oneder Why makes it work
with access to talent like cacaussins to yellow cabs

with an Arab driver
I liven parties with marvelous confiction
ain't no fricition when life claims them victims who be [?] some dried up funds
best believe that the life is trife
'casue the gun made a man outta pussy's from around my way
who usually wouldn't have a fuckin' thing to say
last year's hard rocks are now petrified boulders
and L.I.'s finest is movin' yo' necks at shows
the anthem of this guy has a place in yo' eye
so you can be blessed to see in 3d double-e

[Chorus]